

for powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

West. I, but, *Sir John*, mee-thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that, And for their barennes, I am sure they neuer learnt that of me.

Prin. No ile be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingers on the ribs bare: but sirra, make hast, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What is the King incamp'd?

West. He is *Sir John*, I feare we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene guest. *Exeunt*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Weele fight with him to night,

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You giue him then aduantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? lookes he not for supply?

Ver. So doe wee.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is dubtfull.

Wor. Good coosen be aduise, stir not to night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Dow. You doe not counsell well:

Then speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Do not slauder, *Douglas*, by my life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my life;

If well respected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsell with weake feare,

As you my Lord, or any *Scot* that this day liues:

Let it be seene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.

Dow. Yea, or to night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To night say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse

Of my coosen *Vernons* are not yet come vp,

Your

Your Vncle *Worcesters* Horse came
And now their pride and metta
Their courage with hard labour
That not a Horse is halfe the ha

Hot. So are the Horses of the
In generall iourney bated and b

The better part of ours are full

Wor. The number of the Ki

For Gods sake, Coosen, stay til

The Trumpet sounds a parley.

Blunt. I come with gracious

If you vouchsafe me hearing and

Hot. Welcome, sir *Walter Blunt*

You were of our determination;

Some of vs loue you well, and eu

Enuie your great deseruings and

Because you are not of our qua

But stand against vs like an En

Blunt. And God defend, but

So long as out of limit and true

You stand against annoynted M

But to my charge. The King h

The nature of your griefes, and

You coniure from the breast of

Such bold Hostility, teaching

Audacious cruelty. If that the

Haue any way your good deser

Which he confesseth to be man

He bids you name your griefes

You shall haue your desires with

And pardon absolute for your s

Herein mis-led by your suggesti

Hot. The King is kind: and

Knowes at what time to promi

My Father, my Vncle, and my

Did giue him that same royalty

And when he was not sixe and t

Sicke in the worldes regard, wre